

# SAMARA

1954



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—Browning



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JUNE, 1954



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ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



MRS. HAMLET S. PHILPOT

PHILPOT TOKEN:—Awarded to the girl who best maintains the spirit and the ideals which, as well as high standard of Scholarship, achievement in games and charm of manner, may set her mark upon the school in the spirit of Service, Fellowship, Freedom and Fair Play.



DEAR ELMWOODIANS,

May 12th, 1954.

First I should like to thank the members of the "Samara" committee for their splendid work. We have tried this year a somewhat different arrangement of the magazine, which I hope you will enjoy. I must say that everything has run so smoothly that I have hardly been aware that a magazine was being produced, except when the deadline crept upon me for my letter and I was not ready—I want particularly to thank Miss MacCallum, Mrs. Davis, Miss Underwood, Janet Chapman, Bobbie Bradshaw, Sheila McCormick, Tish Heeney, and Meg Reynolds.

This year has been saddened by the death of two people without whom Elmwood would not be here today. Below you will find an account of Mrs. Fauquier by Senator Wilson. The nicest thing that I have heard of Mrs. Fauquier is "To know her well was to have a deep and lasting affection for her. She was one of those rare people of whom it may be said that those who came most in contact with her became fine people themselves because of it."

I should like to quote from Mrs. Buck's talk to us at our Memorial Service for Mrs. Philpot, the first Principal of Elmwood—"She was a crusader in education and progressive in the best sense of the word. The school was built on her faith in the future and her vision, with the magnificent practical and generous help of Mrs. H. S. Southam, Mrs. Edward Fauquier, and Senator Wilson.

"Mrs. Philpot fostered a love of good work; she believed that every child was an individual and was worthy of the best that education could give. We still try to keep the feeling at Elmwood that each child deserves a special education and special attention. She visualized, in these tangled wooded grounds, a band of happy carefree children. She was magnificent with little children. With them she lived in a world of adventure of King Arthur's Knights and fairies. Here in the while of these lovely qualities, which little children as well as grown Knights must possess when they go in search of the Holy Grail, I can see her yet on the occasion when they heard Wordsworth's poem to the daffodil. It is to those days that we owe our school emblem and our school colours." And so Elmwood had its beginning in a vision of an old homestead on the highest point in Rockcliffe Park. The idealism of Mrs. Philpot, woven into the school tradition, is still today an integral part of Elmwood and her love of true learning and sense of beauty are combined with the increasingly high academic standards required for young people today.

For me, personally, this has been a happy year. I have felt, as never before, that we as a school, staff and girls, are a single unit. I want to thank you all for your help during the year.

Affectionately yours,

Emily Graham

From its early and very modest beginnings Mrs. Edward Fauquier proved herself a most sympathetic, faithful and ever generous friend of Elmwood. Plans originated with Mrs. Philpot, but these could never have been realized without the staunch support of Mrs. Fauquier and Mrs. H. S. Southam.

Mrs. Fauquier, until ill health forced her retirement, was President of the Board of Governors of Elmwood, and those who had the privilege of association with her, knew that reliance could always be placed upon her wise judgment, as well as her appreciation and understanding of human nature.

Mrs. Fauquier loved little children. This was clearly demonstrated when she befriended a group of small English girls evacuated to Canada. Miss Martin's nursery school had found a wartime refuge in Carleton Place, and here Mrs. Fauquier made herself largely responsible for their welfare. These young women, who are once more in their own country, must recall with gratitude their Canadian benefactor and the many treats which she gave them in her own home.

It is a privilege for me, a former Governor of Elmwood, to write this short tribute to a woman whom I admired greatly and remember with affection.

The Senate,

Ottawa, 14 May, 1954.

Barrie R. Wilson

## Editorial

As THIS magazine goes to print, we are nearing the end of another successful and enjoyable year at Elmwood; we hope we have lived up to her high ideals, embodied in our House Mottoes, "Service, Fellowship and Fair Play". We shall have many happy memories of this year to recall, and the lessons and ideals which we have acquired throughout the days we have spent at Elmwood will be a constant reminder of former times.

We should like to thank the members of the Magazine Committee for their generous work and the support they have given and also our many faithful friends who have so kindly advertised in this magazine. We appreciate the interest they have shown in us for so many years.

This year we welcomed Mrs. Davis, Miss Dubrule, Miss Miller, Miss Colquhoun and Mr. Brain who gave up his valuable spare time at Ashbury to teach the senior forms Latin. We hope that they have enjoyed their first year with us. We thank Mrs. Graham and all the teachers for having made this such a happy year for us. We hope that they have liked it as much as we have. Dean Clark, after many years of teaching us Scripture, acting as Chairman at our closing and taking Assembly on his mornings at Elmwood, left us in December. We were very sorry to see him go and join with all his many "old girls" in wishing him every happiness in the future.

Although the graduating class of this year is only a tiny section of those throughout the world, we go out from the school with the firm hope that we shall help to achieve for our children the security which is now lacking in this troubled age of ours, and we pray that it may be achieved. We start out on our journey along the road of life with our school motto high in our hearts. May all Elmwoodians past, present or future live up to this our highest ideal:

"Summa Summarum"

"Highest of the High".

## Magazine Staff

JANET CHAPMAN, *Managing Editor*

BOBBIE BRADSHAW, *Literary Editor*      SHEILA MCCORMICK, *Asst. Literary Editor*

TISH HEENEY, *Art Editor*

### *Advertising*

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JOAN MAYNARD

JUDY EWING

LAMBIE STEVENS

BEVERLEY BROWN

MICKY MANION

NANCY PERRY

MISS UNDERWOOD, MISS MACCALLUM, *Staff Advisers*

## Head Girl and Prefects

### Jennifer Woolcombe:

*"Each deed thou has done, dies, revives  
and goes to work in the world".*

Jenny, head girl, efficient head girl, in fact, extremely efficient head girl, is probably spending her last year of a long decade at Elmwood.

This year she has done remarkable work in many fields and has even succeeded in getting the whole school interested in organizing social events—a task hitherto unaccomplished by even the most enterprising of us. Jen works like a fiend at her schoolwork, but still finds time to be a substantial forward on the basketball team and has at least one finger in every sphere of activity.

So, as we bid one of our next to permanent fixtures goodbye, we would like to wish her the best of luck, wherever she may be in the future. (We still don't know).



### Janet Chapman:

*"There was a sound of revelry by night".*

Janet has been singing a great deal this year. As a member of the Ottawa Choral Union she sang in the "Messiah" and Mozart's "Requiem Mass". But this is not all—Janet is also the morning half of the head boarder, a prefect, head of Fry house, on the basketball team and a good actress. This is a great weight for anyone to carry, but she does with remarkable ease. Practice makes perfect, I suppose.

Janet is completing her Junior Matric this year. Her future is uncertain as yet but Janet who is independent and quite capable will have no trouble. Best of luck, Jan.



### Marianna Lovink:

*"The days that make unhappy make us wise".*

Marianne, commonly known as "Schminkie" is one of the hard-working Six Uppers this year. She is a prefect and does a marvellous job, as well as being honorary head of Fry. She skied all winter and loves all kinds of sports.

Marianne is terribly energetic and equally industrious, especially in history class. A necessary part of the basketball team, she played both guard and forward. Another activity was plays, in which she had several good parts which she acted very well despite her heavy school schedule. Marianne is hovering between McGill and Western although Mrs. Graham strongly suggests Queens. We wish her the best of luck.



### Josephine Stone:

*"She holds her little thoughts in sight  
Though gay they run and leap  
She is so circumspect and right  
She has her soul to keep".*

Jo is head of Nightingale and also a prefect. She carries out the many duties connected with these offices as well as working hard on her Senior Matric.

Unfortunately she managed to hurt her knee skiing which curtailed her sports slightly but forced her to develop a very distinctive limp.

Jo is saintly in and out of class to all outward appearances. The only thing which betrays her Spanish temperament and temper (experts say she has one) is her vocabulary. This vocabulary is very original, half Spanish and has everything but technicolor which may be all for the best.

Part of the "Old Guard", Jo is leaving next year for Smith College or its equivalent in the States.





# House Seniors and Monitors



**Jane Mulholland:**

*"No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness".*

'Janeo'—pronounced 'Jano'—is one of the most persuasive of people. She also has an amazing gift for extracting herself from unpleasant situations and for using superlatives.

A member of Six Upper, head of Keller and an illustrious house senior, she has an affinity for Tish Heeney, Josephine Stone and pigs although she does not intend to go in for farming.

She is extremely bright in school—through no fault of her own. Her outside interests are wide and varied, so much so that I can't recall any at the moment. After a long struggle Jane has finally achieved responsible government.

Jane is going to McGill next year and as we repair the dints in our armour, all concerned wish her the best of luck.



**Bobby Bradshaw:**

*"I have oft regretted my speech  
Never my silence".*

The above denotes a certain impetuosity which Bobby does not entirely lack. One of the wiser types, however, Bobby is highly respected for her all-encompassing rule as half-head boarder. (No offence meant by the hyphen). She is also a house senior and the literary editor for the magazine. In this noisy troubled world, Bobby accomplishes things silently and effectively, a type of man behind the man behind the scenes.

This summer Bobby is going to England where she intends to go to college. She deserves the best of everything and we shall always remember her as a good friend.



**Meg Reynolds:**

*"Let a smile be your umbrella".*

Meg is a Brockville import, a house senior, a hard worker, the advertising head for the magazine and a good friend. She follows faithfully her father's precept of doing a little review every day and wants to be a social worker.

Although Meg is very cheerful, she has several aversions, waste, taxis and pointless occupations. Her social life has flourished this year side by side with every other activity imaginable. She and Janet have two private jokes which none of us quite understand—one about fisheries and another about car salesmen?

On entering Meg's bedroom one sees souvenirs from almost everything she has done this year. Meg finds them better than a diary.

This summer will find Meg back at Merrywood, the Crippled Children's Camp where she does wonderful work.



**Patricia Heeney:**

*"Born with the gift of laughter  
And a sense that the world is mad".*

Tish came back from Paris last fall and has been raving about it ever since. She has sailed through her schoolwork with the greatest of ease and a bit of persuasion at which she is a past master.

Her artistic temperament is revealed in her violin playing and painting. She is also the man Friday of the hymn book. Her expressive gestures and vocabulary consisting of "ecoute" and sundry vowel sounds such as "Tunng" also denote her originality.

Tish has a very infectious chortle which she fails to suppress with drastic results sometimes. She will discuss almost anything anytime, anywhere, with anyone, and it is impossible to shake her firm convictions. Tish has only one constant aversion, that being industry, but of late pickles have entered her black book.

Tish is heading for McGill next year with Jane so that they may finish numerous discussions that Tish hasn't quite won. Best of luck, girl.



**Joan Maynard:**

*"Why take life so seriously?  
You'll never get out of it alive".*

Joanie was recently made a house senior. A familiar sight is Joan moaning, "The bell's gone", at 8:55 as she dashes from the classroom to take girls down to prayers.

Her car is useful to a great number of us as she is continually pressed into taxi service by lazy pedestrians (mentioning no names).

Joan has a large fund of jokes and appreciatively aids in all humorous activities. She is Nightingale's sports captain and is on the school basketball team. Her sport is tennis but she indulges in badminton occasionally, which inevitably proves disastrous for her opponent.

She spends all her spare time during the summer term at the tennis club. This produces excellent results, as she is the school tennis champ. As a sideline she is writing her Junior Matric, which does not worry her unduly. Joan is returning next year for her Senior Matric and more fun.



**Joan Campbell:**

*"Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there".*

Joan started this year as a monitor, but we were all very pleased when she was moved up to the exalted rank of house senior. Joan is one of those people who never forget to do something once they have promised. This is especially useful when it comes to providing food for officers' meetings! French is one of the things she is most noted for, and we always know where to go to find the correct endings for a verb tense, or how to spell a word. But French isn't Joan's only claim to fame—she will long be remembered for her friendliness, and her willingness to help anyone and everyone who needs it.



**Sally Wright:**

*"I must go down to the seas again" . . .*

Sally, more usually known as "Sal m'gal", is one of the most industrious members of her form. Besides achieving high marks in her subjects of both forms, 5A and 6 Matric, she has risen from rank of monitor to the exalted position of house senior and is the proud wearer of a posture girdle. Her talent for sports has shown itself all year and she has been a wonderful sports captain for Fry. She is most adept at convincing unwilling classmates that fresh air is *really* good for them, and is first-rate at arguing her points in Scripture classes, etc. She is the proud driver of a little red convertible (when she can get it), and owns a lovely cat, George—quite a resemblance there, both are blue eyed and very tidy! Sal is coming back to us again next year and will be as indispensable as always.





FRY HOUSE



KELLER HOUSE



NIGHTINGALE HOUSE



## *Fry House Notes*

SEPTEMBER found Fry's empty ranks filled mostly by new girls, but they have proved that they are worthy to fill the places left by the Fryites we lost last June. We were very sorry to lose Laurette Landymore and Susan Richardson at Christmas, but wish them the best of luck in their new schools. At the beginning of the school year it was decided that the houses would only have one teacher in the house, who would act as an adviser. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Bruce for all she has done for us.

In October Fry presented a serious drama "The Valiant". We lost out in the plays; however, the cast of the play are to be congratulated. The house was very fortunate this year to take first place in the house collections.

Sally Wright has been our capable and energetic sports captain. With the introduction of soccer this year, Fry came first. Here I must thank Susan Richardson, who was the sports captain for the first term. In basketball we did not do so well and are hoping to make up for our loss by doing better on Sports Day.

To those who are leaving us, I wish "the best ever"; to those who remain I express my confidence that they will continue to strive towards those ideals of Elizabeth Fry which have guided us for so long.

## *Keller House Notes*

KELLER received many new additions this year, namely: Jane and Joan Yates, Susan Belcourt, Sandra Drew, Jana Stepan, Liliias Ahearn and Lynn Castonguay—who became very valuable to the house. Unfortunately, we lost Andrea Rowley, Marlene Anber and Barbara Webster during the course of the year.

We were honoured to have Madame Krupka as Keller's Staff Adviser, since it was

### **House Members**

Staff Adviser: Mrs. Bruce.

Prefect, Head of House: Janet Chapman.

Prefect, Honorary Head: Marianne Lovink.

House Senior: Sally Wright.

Monitors: Beverley Brown, Nancy Perry,  
Lambie Steven.

Sports Captain: Sally Wright.

### **House**

Elizabeth Bogue, Susan Brain, Beverley Brown, Frances Cabeldu, Gail Lacharity, Janet Chapman, Betsy-Jane Davis, Jean Garvock, Sandra Graham, Olga Kingsmill, Micky Manion, Gillian Neville, Nancy Perry, Heather Petrie, Diana Radcliffe, Tina Tarantour, Lambie Steven, Emilie Van der Vaart, Nina Van der Vaart, Sally Wright.

### **Senior Basketball**

Forwards: Sally Wright, Gillian Neville,  
Nancy Perry.

Guards: Janet Chapman, Marianne Lovink,  
Beverley Brown.

### **Junior Basketball**

Forwards: Betsy-Jane Davis, Sandra Graham,  
Frances Cabeldu.

Guards: Tina Tarantour, Diana Radcliffe,  
Elizabeth Bogue.

decided that the staff in general should not be in houses this year.

Keller managed to win the drama competition with a play called "Michael"—all the cast and helpers deserve medals for patience! Unfortunately, we did not do so well in the house collections, which Fry won.

Due to the supreme efforts of Sheila McCormick, our sports captain, Keller won the basketball tournaments, although we were not so successful in other sports.



Altogether, the members of Keller have worked very hard to make this year successful and I should like to thank them for their marvellous support and the way they have lived up to their house motto "Fair Play".

#### **House Members**

Staff Adviser: Madame Krupka.

Head Girl: Jennifer Woolcombe.

Head of House—House Senior: Jane Mulholland.

House Seniors: Tish Heeney, Meg Reynolds, Joan Campbell.

Monitors: Joan Fagan, Jane Yates, Sheila McCormick, Mary Fisher-Rowe, Audrey Ashbourne.

Members: Joan Yates, Susan Belcourt, Sandra Drew, Rosemary Findlay, Myrna Badham, Carolyn Bruce, Lynne Gordon, Sonia Tarantour, Liliás Ahearn, Lynn Castonguay, Jana Stepan.

#### **Basketball Teams**

Senior: Joan Fagan, Jennifer Woolcombe, Sonia Tarantour, Mary Fisher-Rowe, Sheila McCormick, Meg Reynolds, Joan Campbell, Jane Mulholland.

Junior: Lynn Castonguay, Sonia Tarantour, Joan Yates, Rosemary Findlay, Liliás Ahearn, Carolyn Bruce, Myrna Badham, Jana Stepan.

## *Nightingale House Notes*

ON returning in September we found our house bereft of seniors, but we made up for the loss by acquiring a few intermediates. At the beginning of the year Gail Dochstader, Sarah Jennings, Barbara Kennedy, Sally Trueman, Linda Redpath, Lindley Taylor and Margaret Traill joined the ranks of Nightingale House. Lee Gobeil, too, was a new member in September but had to leave in December. Janet Cooper and Nadira Masood also left us at Christmas, but to take their places we welcomed Colette Müüls, Elizabeth Groos and Constance Darricades.

Our play for the year was "The Bishop's Candlesticks". Our production managed to tie for second place with Fry. The play in itself was a challenge and our actors certainly did their best to meet this. For our house collection we had some very fine knitted articles but I am afraid Fry assembled a bigger and better collection.

Joan Maynard, our able sports captain, emerged as champion badminton and tennis player of the House. Now she is trying hard to beat her opponents in the other Houses. We are "rooting" for her heartily! In the other fields of sports we have not done very well but hope to do better on Sports Day.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Davis, our house adviser, for all her wonderful help and advice.

#### **House Members**

Staff Adviser: Mrs. Davis.

Head of House—Prefect: Josephine Stone.

House Senior: Bobby Bradshaw.

House Senior—Sports Captain: Joan Maynard.

Monitor: Judy Ewing.

#### **House**

Vicky Brain, Margo Freiman, Frances Wood, Susannah Clarke, Esther Prudham, Elizabeth Richardson, Sue Hislop, Margaret Traill, Lindley Taylor, Barbara Kennedy, Sally Trueman, Gail Dochstader, Linda Redpath, Bonnie Wood, Sarah Jennings, Colette Müüls, Elizabeth Groos, Constance Darricades.

#### **Senior Basketball**

Forwards: Frances Wood, Lindley Taylor, Joan Maynard.

Guards: Bobby Bradshaw, Judy Ewing, Margo Freiman.

#### **Junior Basketball**

Forwards: Elizabeth Richardson, Linda Redpath, Bonnie Wood, Esther Prudham.

Guards: Vicky Brain, Sue Hislop, Barbara Kennedy.



# School Notes

## The Hallowe'en Party

30th October.

DEAR DIARY:

It's rather late now, so I will only write a short note before I turn in. I just came back from our Hallowe'en party. We had lots of fun. First came the grand march, and there was everything from an Elmwood girl to St. George and the dragon. Then we went into the dining room and (if you will excuse the expression) ate our little heads off. Then we moved our ice cream and candies back into the gym and watched the evening's entertainment. First the teachers put on three skits, "Pooh and Piglet", "The Seven Dwarfs", and "Goldilocks and the Three Bears". These were followed by prize giving, when Mr. Toller (dressed as a beautiful lady) gave prizes. First, second and third awards were for a two-man horse, St. George and the dragon, and a porcupine. Consolation chocolate bars were given out as well. Then the lights were dimmed and a magician came on stage and performed many tricks. At last we all left, feeling very happy. That's all, so I am going to bed. Good-night.

## Arts and Crafts at Elmwood

### Senior Group

This year the "Arts and Crafts" course has been very successful. Miss Maxwell has been extremely helpful and has given us many different interests.

Our first project last fall was cross-stitching. Many attractive articles were made, including purses, place-mats and coasters. Leatherwork has also been very successful. Belts with intricate designs were made as well as wallets, change purses and some very nice moccasins.

Felt was very popular this year. Lovely skirts of navy blue, pale blue and turquoise were made. Bags and stuffed toys ranked high in choice.

Woodwork is our latest venture. Small toy animals and wooden brooches were made. Gaily painted, they were really attractive.

Drawing was done by all grades to suit the season. A three dimensional project was enthusiastically received. The Red Cross Poster Contest was won by one of the girls.

The kindergarten made little paper angels which were very popular. Altogether, it has been a very successful year.

### Junior Group

This year Miss Maxwell taught us Arts and Crafts. We painted a few pictures such as Indian heads, dog and fox heads, horse heads, as well as Easter, Valentine and Christmas pictures. We also did some modern art and some finger painting. In crafts we did clay modeling, wove baskets, did cross-stitch, and made gimp bracelets. On Friday afternoons we had "Hobby" in which we made leather objects, such as belts, wallets, change purses, and book covers. We also made two

kinds of velvet bags and carved wooden animals in Crafts. Altogether, we have had a most interesting year of Arts and Crafts.

### Special Art Class

This year the Special Art Class was very interesting and varied. Until Christmas Mr. Hyndman taught us; but as he was unable to continue afterwards, Miss Maxwell, the Junior Arts and Crafts Mistress, took over. The remainder of the course proved very novel as we tried several new tricks in painting.

All in all, the art has been very good and we are very grateful to both Mr. Hyndman and Miss Maxwell.

### Music

*Piano*—Many girls, both juniors and seniors, took piano lessons this year from Mr. McTavish. The school is becoming extremely musical; people who don't even take music had to be stopped continually from pounding out popular ditties on the protesting piano.

Tish Heeney has played our hymns throughout the year and we are very grateful to her—and for her. Janet Chapman and Seddon Ryan both passed music exams with commendable results and deserve congratulations.

*Choir*—This year the choir has been busy. There was a recital of Carols at Christmas and the choir also sang at the Confirmation Service at Christ Church Cathedral on Passion Sunday. Mr. McTavish has been invaluable and has given up a great deal of his time, which is scarce, since he has numerous other choirs as well.

### Public Speaking

Juniors, intermediates, and seniors . . . all were well represented in this year's public speaking contest. Harriet Nye and June Fraser tied for first place in the junior section. Harriet delivered a delightful little speech on "My Dogs", in which she openly admitted that she understood their naughtiness as she, too, was rather naughty at times. "The Toronto Subway" is a difficult topic for any

one to talk on but June Fraser did it justice. We shall never forget the sentence in her essay to the effect that if they kept on building subways they would soon reach China!

All of the intermediate speeches were interesting and Sarah Jennings received top honours in this section for her talk on "UNESCO".

Semi-finalists in the senior group were Sheila McCormick and Sally Wright with Sheila emerging as victor. Sally chose to talk "On Public Speaking", a very appropriate subject that amused all of us. Sheila, Elmwood's ballerina, told us about "Anna Pavlova", one of the world's greatest ballerinas.

Mrs. Bliss, our friend and judge, must have had a difficult time choosing the winners. All in all, we think that Elmwood once more lived up to its motto "Summa Summarum" . . . Highest of the High!

### Dances

This year the Elmwood social season was highlighted by three dances. This is—your roving reporter, at large in . . .

*House Dance*: The Elmwood house dance was held in November. Taffeta was the general costume for the girls. Besides the various dances and interestingly impractical prizes, delicious refreshments were served and except for a minor ice cream hassle which cleared up, the year was off to a tremendous start . . .

*Formal*: As I stepped in the door, a whispy idea of net, perfume and exquisite hair-do floated past my bewildered eyes. I looked uncertainly around me; the nearest boy marched up and manfully swept me around the floor as we discussed the beauties of orchestras, Toby Rochester's, in particular. The event was the Winter Wonderland formal—atmosphere (below zero) was provided by two large thermometers on the stage and Winter Wonderland, written in snowballs; silver icicles hung over every door, nook and cranny.

Huge records, with accompanying titles of popular tunes in the theme of Winter hung



about the walls. Painted on them were most graphic pictures. The climax of the evening came when the multi-coloured balloons came down. I broke sixteen, not bad for a novice.

*Square Dance:* Shrieks of laughter and the gay, lilting screams of the junior intermediates greeted, or rather assailed, our ears as we entered the gaily decorated barn—I mean, hall—to join in the general festivity of a square dance: *The square dance.*

This year the girls decorated the hall so that it looked like a western hoe-down. The music of Frank Holt helped make the square dance a great success.

Life has been very gay generally and we'd all like to thank Jennifer Woolcombe and the girls who helped arrange these dances for a terrific time.

### **Ballet Notes**

The members of the junior ballet class (transition and forms one, two and three) were extremely enthusiastic this year to become prima-ballerinas of the future; and under the able direction of Mrs. Duncan-Smith, formerly of Ballet Legat, England, some may have their names in lights yet.

Throughout the last two terms there has been a great deal of strenuous work put forth, and all are progressing very well. There may be another Pavlova yet—who knows?

\* \* \*

Unfortunately, there have been no senior ballet classes since September, but Sheila McCormick, who took lessons down town, is to be congratulated on passing her elementary exam.

### **The Golden Rule Club**

Every Thursday, thirty-four old members and eighteen new assemble in the gym for the meeting of the Golden Rule Club. We start

the meeting by singing "O Canada". Meanwhile the Treasurer collects a penny from each girl. Mrs. McAuley, who supervises the club, takes this money to the bank and later it will go to support a little boy by the name of Alderico Zanirati.

Before Christmas we supported an Italian girl, Mira Maroquerra, and a French girl, Marie-Therese Gilly. We have collected \$54.00 this year. To help collect this money we had a candy sale at which we collected \$20.00.

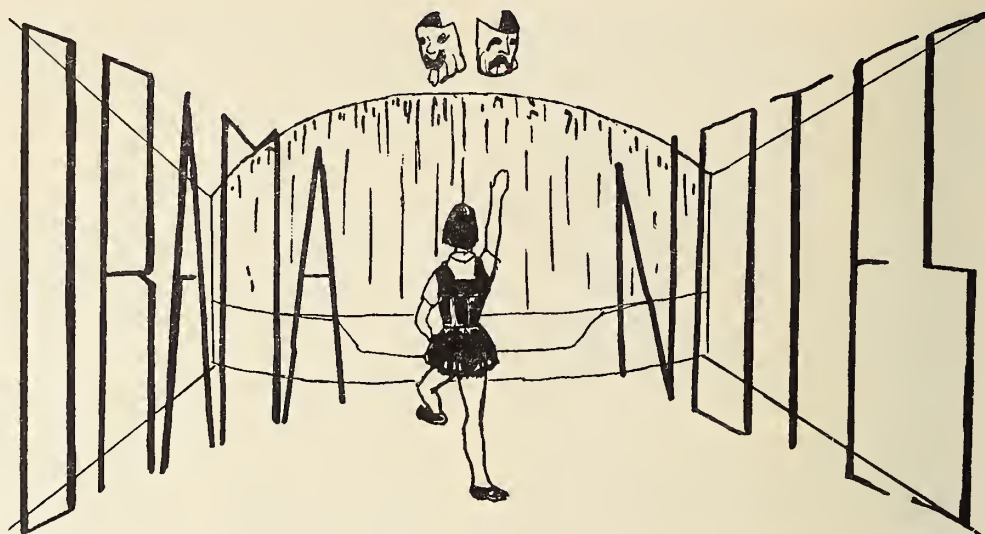
Each week the programme is put on by one of the forms belonging to the club. Every new term we vote for a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The President addresses the meeting, holds the meeting and adjourns it. The Vice-President does likewise if the President is absent. The Secretary calls the roll, and reads and writes the minutes. The Treasurer collects the money. We adjourn the meeting by singing "God Save the Queen".

What adds to the fun we have in the meetings we hold and the money we give is the fact that we know that we are helping someone else.

### **Free Day**

Free Day dawned on January 29, a school day, to be sure, but one with a difference. This was the day when every girl was free to choose her own time-table (as long as it included something besides gym and games) and the officers took over the school.

This annual event was, as usual, looked forward to eagerly and everyone had a wonderful time learning such weird and wonderful things as Chinese and Russian (thanks to Mrs. Graham and Madame). Another interesting event was the dinner menu, picked out by the seniors. A wonderful day was climaxed by the formal dance.



On November 5th Elmwood began their dramatic productions with the annual house plays. These plays, directed by the house-heads, were all extremely well done and there were many outstanding performances. First, this year, was Keller's play "Michael" with Sheila McCormick, Joan Yates and Joan Fagan in the leading roles. Fry and Nightingale tied for second place with their plays "The Valiant" and "The Bishop's Candlesticks". Credit should be given to Gillian Neville, Marianne Lovink, Sally Trueman and Victoria Brain for their excellent performances in these plays.

The Christmas plays this year were under the very capable direction of Mrs. Meiklejohn and Mrs. Davis. The first, the story of the Nativity, was narrated by Jennifer Woollcombe and Marianne Lovink while the players moved on stage very simply and beautifully in accordance with the words. The second Christmas play was directed and written by Mrs. Davis and was presented by her junior form. The lines of the play, which was called "The Christmas Rose", were written in rhyme and the costumes were exceptionally lovely and appropriate.

On the night of March 5th the Ashbury-Elmwood Dramatic Societies presented the Irish play "The Playboy of the Western World" by J. M. Synge. This difficult play was under the combined direction of Mr. Belcher and Mr. Devine and was well received by the large audience at the Little Theatre. Credit should be given to Joan Fagan for her role as the wild Irish girl, Pegeen Mike, and to Gillian Neville for her part as the scheming widow Quin. Sheila McCormick, Emilie Van der Vaart and Judy Ewing also did extremely well in their roles of country girls. The play, spoken in thick Irish brogue, was the result of many weeks of hard and feverish practice.

The following week saw the last dramatic presentation of the year, with the successful performance of "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder. Credit should be given to Mrs. Meiklejohn for her direction of this play and for the very remarkable performance she gave in it herself. Excellent performances were also given by Janet Chapman, Meg Reynolds, Sheila McCormick, Joan Fagan and Gillian Neville in the leading roles.

These have been the plays presented so successfully this year by Elmwood's many budding actresses.



HEADS OF THE HOUSES



MONITORS





SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



HOUSE SOCCER WINNER—FRY HOUSE



### **Tennis**

Last fall we came back to school to find that Elmwood was entered in the Ottawa and District Interscholastic Tennis Tournament. After hurried tryouts, the team chosen consisted of Sally Wright, Joan Maynard and Sue Richardson for singles and Joan with Sally and Jane Mulholland with Sue Hislop for doubles. In several games we defeated Glebe to be confronted by Lisgar Collegiate in the semi-final round. Victorious over Lisgar, we won the Tennis Shield. This provoked such interest in tennis that many of the house matches were played off. The draws will be completed in this final term. The plays stand now with Nightingale heading the Intermediate matches, and all three houses are tied in the Senior playoffs.

### **Soccer**

This year we were introduced to this shin-buising sport. It proved completely different from every other game we know. Each house formed a team and after several close games, Fry house defeated Keller and Nightingale for the first soccer "championship". It was all amusing and a good (but painful) time was had by everyone.

### **Basketball**

The intermediates played a preliminary round before Christmas which Nightingale won. After Christmas, Keller won both the Intermediate and Senior matches.

In the interschool basketball, we started the year off well by beating Carleton College with the slim margin of 14-13. At the return match, however, Carleton bounced back to win 21-13. The juniors played Rockcliffe and defeated them by a score of 16-8.

In March both the junior and senior teams took a trip to Smith's Falls to play the high school there. Both teams were beaten; the juniors 31-9 and the seniors 25-12, but we enjoyed playing them. We hope to have a return match soon.

### **Skiing and Skating**

Twice a week the juniors were taught skating by Miss Nesbitt and became extremely enthusiastic.

While the seniors went to Beamish Hill or Camp Fortune to ski, the juniors populated the hills at Rockcliffe. On the last week-end in January we had our second yearly ski week-end at Mont Tremblant. The snow condi-

itions were ideal and the weather clear and cold.

### Gym Display

On April 7th the Gym display was presented. It was composed of tumbling, square dancing and games by the juniors, and musical skipping and variety dancing by the intermediates and seniors. There was also a very proficient apparatus demonstration. The whole programme was original and admirably organized by Miss Dubrule, our gym mistress.

### Other Sports

Due to a crowded winter term, the badminton and volleyball matches have yet to be played. Baseball has started and the seniors intend to challenge the intermediates or vice versa, depending on who can scribble a challenge first.

It is hoped that the staff will accept the girls' basketball challenge. We may be able to do synchronized swimming this term if a time can be arranged. This may be difficult as track and field start soon in preparation for Sports Day.

### Sports Day

The results of last year's Sports Day are as follows:

First: Fry House.

Second: Keller House.

Third: Nightingale House.

Senior Sports Cup: Marianne Lovink.

Intermediate Sports Cup: Lynn Castonguay.

Junior Sports Cup: Anne Gilbert.

Preparatory Sports Cup—Gill Castonguay.

*Senior—*

High Jump: Sheila McCormick.

Running Broad Jump: Joan Maynard.

Standing Broad Jump: Marianne Lovink.

60-yard Dash: Nancy Perry.

75-yard Dash: Marianne Lovink.

Soft Ball Throw: Lorna Travaglini.

Basketball Throw: Lorna Travaglini.

Three-legged Race: Sue Hislop, Lynn Castonguay.

House Relay: Fry House.

*Intermediate—*

30-yard Dash: Seddon Ryan.

40-yard Dash: Seddon Ryan.

Standing Broad Jump: Anne Gilbert.

Three-legged Race: Judy Toller, Seddon Ryan.

Egg and Spoon Race: Jane MacTavish.

*Junior—*

25-yard Dash: Gill Castonguay.

30-yard Dash: Gill Castonguay.

Egg and Spoon Race: Sarah Garvock.

Eskimo Race: Judy Reid.

### Mont Tremblant Week-end

With our skis, our packs, our spirits so high  
We topped Mont Tremblant on our chair in  
the sky,

Where the right kind of wax and the right  
kind of snow

Led us straight to the bottom and warm  
cabin's glow.

A merrier group you never did see  
As we rose for our pancakes and classes with  
glee;

Our instructors so sure, steady and swift  
Did rush to our aid, when—stuck in a drift?  
Then onward round bend, down hillside we  
sped

'Till breathless, exhausted, we tumbled in bed.  
The week-end flew by, departure drew nigh;  
Adieu to the skiing, "Mont Tremblant", our  
friend,

Adieu 'till next year: back to Elmwood we  
wend.

A large group of enthusiastic skiers went to Mont Tremblant in February, where we had a marvellous week-end of skiing, thanks to Mrs. Ryan, who put herself out so much to see that we all enjoyed ourselves. We are also grateful to Captain and Mrs. Bruce, Miss Nesbitt and Miss Dubrule, who did so much to give us a wonderful time.

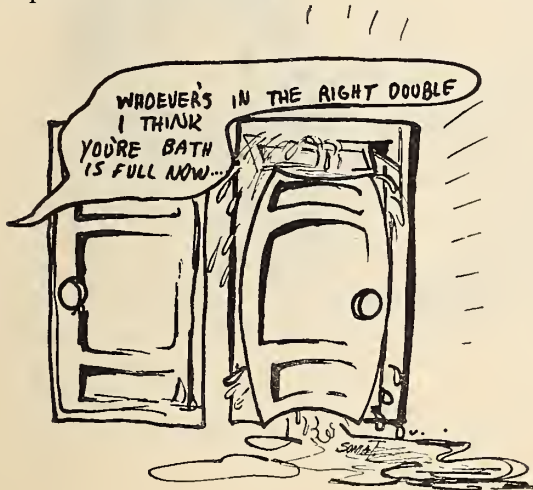


## Boarders' Notes

We arrived back at school last September full of talk and enthusiasm, and ready (it was hoped) to put our noses back to the old grindstone. We were sorry to miss so many of our old friends, but were very happy to see lots of new faces, especially that of Mrs. Davis, our new house mistress taking the place of Miss Jessop, who unexpectedly got married last fall. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Davis for making it a wonderful year!

This year we had two head boarders, Janet Chapman and Bobbie Bradshaw. This was all very well, except that if one of them wasn't around telling us to tidy our room, put on our dressing gowns and slippers or just plain hurry up, the other was! So, between them and various mistresses on duty, we did not get away with much—although that was probably more than we deserved!!

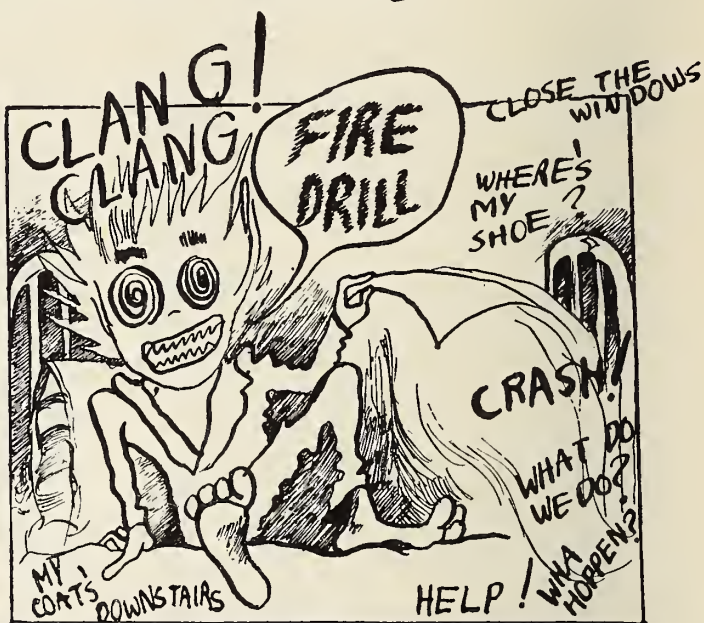
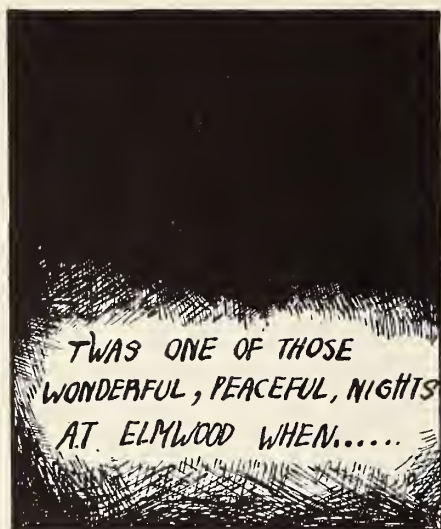
We have been very busy this year, getting into the usual scrapes and out of them again, and when we weren't doing that, skiing (every week-end while the snow lasted), skating (when there was ice) and playing baseball, tennis, basketball and badminton in between times. The average evening was spent in fervent prayers for phone calls, practice by certain individuals in hair styling and teaching of the latest jitterbug steps by our imports from Cornwall.



Other school activities included a picnic to Lac Philippe, on the first Saturday of the year, our annual Christmas dinner followed by a Carol Service at Mrs. Graham's house, and the Pyjama Party on the last night before the Christmas Holidays. This was punctuated by a visit from Santa, and refreshments (boarders always seem to welcome food). The Hallowe'en Party was also a great success, and much enjoyed by all.

We were happy to see our old friends, Miss Gooderham, Miss MacCallum, Miss Maxwell, Mrs. Kilpatrick and Mrs. Soulis again, and we were glad to welcome Miss Miller, Miss Dubrule and Miss Underwood, who, along with everyone else, have helped to make the year a successful one. We were sorry to lose Miss Bagnall (our nurse) who had only been with us since September, soon after Christmas; but we were very lucky to get Miss Colquhoun in her place. Mrs. Duncan-Smith, who came from England, has helped with the juniors since Christmas; and she, too, has been a great asset to the school, especially as she taught the juniors ballet. We would like, in closing, to thank all the staff who have contributed so much towards making the year a happy and successful one.

# TITLED: "MAY YOU REST IN PIECES"





## *Senior Literary Section*

### **Finale**

The curtains were closed, and the theatre dark,

The doors were shut, and the seats were stark,  
No scenery was up, and the floors were bare,  
The stage stood alone in want of repair;  
It thought of those years that had now gone by

On a memory clear which never could die.  
It thought of its actors so famous and great  
Who played on its floor in that early date;  
It thought of the plays both great and small  
Unceasingly given from Spring to Fall;  
It thought of the beauty of well-known lines,  
Written by authors of far-gone times,  
The colour of costumes ornamented and gay,  
Of every period in the old fashioned day;  
Long skirts, gold slippers, daggers and tights,  
All built up the plays to the greatest of heights;

But now it lay empty, silent and bleak,  
Shrouded in sorrow, humble and meek,  
With the hopes still high for future times,  
When plays might be given, and pantomimes.  
And so it stands, proud and haughty indeed,  
With a beckoning stage some actors might heed.

GILLIAN NEVILLE, V A

### **The Beginning of an Avalanche**

It was a clear, cold, crisp winter's day.  
The snow was heaped in gleaming white drifts  
around the cosy little houses, nestled between  
the sheltering peaks of the surrounding mountains.  
The sun shone high above the white caps  
of these towering heights, making the snow  
glisten as millions of tiny diamonds;  
hazy curls of pale grey smoke drifted lazily  
from the sturdy red chimneys of the little houses.  
The blue of the sky made a heavenly background  
to a calm scene.

But then, as one walked across the village square,  
one became aware of sharp gusts of

wind throwing stinging particles of snow into the air and whipping the smoke into ragged shreds.  
It had been warm and sunny all day and now a wind was blowing; that sudden change of weather often spelt disaster. The few people out at that hour of a cold day began instinctively to hurry towards their homes. The wind began to moan and whistle through the trees and the sun disappeared behind banks of dark and ominous clouds. The wind blew stronger, shrieking its way across the valley, shifting huge drifts of snow. Not a soul was in sight. Then it began.

The ominous, rending, ever-growing rumble was heard in the distance; small puffs of snow could be seen rising from the awful mountainside. Then they became a huge swirling mass of snow rushing on downwards toward what destruction it could wreak.

Somewhere up on the mountain, directly in the path of this destructive monster, was a tiny shack where one could see the far-off figures of frantic running people. They were trying to escape that ghastly death, but soon the white cloud enveloped them noiselessly and rushed on down, unmindful of the horror it had already created and was on its way to do. The avalanche had begun and nothing short of a miracle could stop it.

SUSAN BRAIN, V A

### **Something to Remember**

Soldiers, sailors and airmen died here. They were buried here. In all the seasons, Summer, Winter, Autumn and Spring they are remembered. Many live in the memories of strangers, tourists and countrymen. Some dwell in the hearts of relations, friends and loved ones. Others are remembered by fellow soldiers.

Almost every day one can see a man or woman walking along the paths, stopping



once in a while before a white cross to read the name. Many find the cross they are looking for, others do not. Some bring flowers or a plant, others bring love and a prayer. Whether rich or poor, each person carries a memory.

Spring is the time in which Nature pays her homage to those who died and to those who relit the torch and now carry it high. The sun warms the earth and brings green grass and the trees begin to bud. The birds return to build their nests. They fill the air with music. The sky takes on a clean, fresh hue and leaves its reflection in drying puddles.

Beneath the earth of Vimy Ridge lie the bodies of many brave men killed in battle. Poppies cover this ground for they grow well in the fertile earth. Their colour is a rich crimson. They are placed row on row and as they wave in the breeze they resemble a flaming carpet. The poppies are a symbol of the life that is continued even though thousands die throughout its course.

With a background of deep red, a warm green and a pale blue, the white crosses are easily distinguished. On each cross is written in black the soldier's name, rank and service. Some soldiers are unknown, so their crosses remain unnamed. There are many hundreds of these crosses. Officers and men of the ranks are buried side by side, for they died fighting for one cause—freedom.

The fields which are famous as the resting places of many soldiers are found in the little European country of Belgium. By many they are called Flanders fields. John McCrae's words embodied all the hopes and fears of the fighting men who rest here when he said, "If you break faith with us who die, we shall not sleep though poppies grow in Flanders fields".

BARBARA KENNEDY, V B

### Donald the Donkey

Donald was a donkey. But in his heart he thought he was a thoroughbred race horse. He loved to think of himself as the horse belonging to a Roman senator. In reality he

belonged to an old man who owned a livery stable. Now this man was a very charitable old man who would lead Donald to all the bazaars and dog shows which were given in the city. Poor Donald would be put in the shafts of a brightly-painted donkey cart; his master would tie a gaudy-looking ribbon around his neck; then children would climb into the cart and off they would go. One day, Donald was in high spirits. It was a gorgeous summer day and Donald thought he would be able to eat grass in the field without being disturbed. He decided he would pretend to be the horse who pulled the Roman senator's chariot in the great race at the forum. Around and around the field he galloped. Suddenly he heard his master's voice calling. Somehow it was not like the Roman senator's voice. It sounded like the man who owned the livery stable. At the gate, Donald stopped his galloping and looked around. There was an old man, wrinkled and grey, with white hair and grey whiskers. He looked dressed up, as if in his Sunday suit. Beside him was a brightly painted donkey-cart; in his hands he held a gaudy-looking ribbon. Donald sighed mournfully. His day of pleasure was over. This gray, wrinkled, old man was the man who was so charitable, the man who owned the livery stable; this man was Donald's master.

"Hee haw, hee haw", sighed Donald to the other donkeys in the field, "I wish that I could be a race horse who never had to pull children in a cart and who never had to wear a gaudy ribbon".

"But, Donald, you are a donkey; you can never be a race-horse. Is that impossible to realize? Donkeys cannot be horses", said Elmer, his friend. "I am content to be a donkey; why is it so hard for you?"

"Come along, Donald", called his master. Donald trotted obediently over to his master's side. Mr. Williams tied the gaudy-looking ribbon around Donald's neck, and then he put Donald in the shafts of the brightly-painted donkey cart, and off they went to a garden party given by a rich old lady. Mr. Williams

drove through the beautiful gardens of the estate where the old lady lived. She greeted them and soon the cart was filled with screaming, laughing children. Donald hated children! He saw the mothers wave good-bye and he heard Mr. Williams tell him to go ahead. Suddenly Donald rebelled. Upon rounding a corner, he started to gallop. Faster, faster, he went. The children were screaming at the top of their lungs. Mr. Williams was yelling at him to stop. All the mothers and fathers and men employed by the old lady were chasing the cart, trying to stop it and rescue the children. All this noise made Donald think of the Roman chariot race he had been dreaming of back in his field this afternoon.

"Oh, my!" thought Donald, "I must win this race, I must!" On and on he galloped. Over the beautiful lawns and flower beds he went. The children were still screaming, Mr. Williams still yelling at him to stop, and the guests still chasing after him. After galloping around the estate, Donald was quite tired, so he stopped because he thought he must have won the race by now. Mr. Williams was very cross with Donald. The mothers vowed their children would never ride in a donkey-cart so long as they lived. The old lady banished Mr. Williams from the estate. Poor Mr. Williams was sick, beaten. He knew he would never be able to get another job with his donkey and cart. What would he do? He only had this job and he was an old man. Finally, he decided to sell Donald.

Now the man who bought Donald was a cruel man. He made poor Donald pull heavy loads into town, three times a week. The only pleasure he had was taking his master and mistress to the races. He loved to watch the horses galloping around the tracks. One day as he was standing in his place, he felt a great urge to be there, racing with the horses. Suddenly to the coachman's great surprise, Donald summoned all the strength he had and broke loose from the shafts. He galloped onto the track and started to run alongside the race horses.

Poor Donald was nipped and kicked as he ran along. One very large horse stepped on his foot. The crowd was yelling and men were running everywhere, trying to catch him. They had long whips. Donald was finally led off the track to his master. The man was so cross that he picked up a big bull-whip and just as he was about to strike poor Donald, Mr. Williams ran up.

"Oh, please leave Donald alone; he has always wanted to be a race horse, but I do not think he will want to be one after what has happened. May I buy him back?" "Sure, take him; I do not want such a dreadful beast near me again; take him away! Begone!" said the cruel man, as he strode away.

Donald then realized that being a race horse was not quite as he had dreamed. He decided that being a donkey was good enough for him. He went along obediently with his old master. Mr. Williams seemed to realize that Donald was at last content to be a donkey.

If you ever pass through the town where Donald lives, do go to one of the bazaars or dog shows. There you will see a contented little donkey with a gaudy-looking ribbon tied around his neck. He will be pulling a brightly-painted cart full of children with a wrinkled old man driving it. That contented little old donkey who used to dream of being a race horse is Donald.

SUSAN BELCOURT, V C

### Snow

Snow, snow everywhere,  
On the ground and in the air,  
Decking roof tops all in white,  
Falling through the starry night.

But when the warm spring days arrive,  
And everything seems so alive,  
The snow will be no longer here,  
It's gone again for another year.

MYRMA BADHAM, V B

### **The Nightly Battle**

Loudly up the stairs came father,  
Threatening in his tread;  
"Now close that book", he said most sternly,  
"And put yourself to bed".

Softly down the stairs went father,  
Evening paper in his hand,  
"She knows she needs eight hours sleep,  
I wish she'd understand!"

Firmly, up the stairs came father,  
Determination in his eye.  
"Hand me that book", he said in anger.  
I did, but could not hide a sigh.

Hopefully, I looked at father,  
Standing at the foot of bed,  
"I only had a few more pages,  
Then the book would have been read".

Gently down the stairs went father,  
Feeling duty had been done;  
At last he sat in peace with mother,  
The nightly battle had been won.  
ELIZABETH BOGUE, V B

### **Watching the Friendship Log**

The moon rose like a pale limpid bubble  
over the dark velvet sky, cut off only by the  
occasional tall whispering pine. The silver  
birch on the shore waved in the cool night air  
to the rhythm set by the waves lapping  
against the rocky shore. The friendship log  
in the fire had almost been reduced to ashes  
and only the thin trickle of smoke drifted like  
incense toward the sky.

Close to the forest edge, silent and still,  
and at the end of the grove stood two mighty  
spruce that guarded with paternal vigilance  
the hidden paths of the wild deer.

The only sounds were the heavy breathing  
of sleeping campers, the odd crackle of the  
embers in the fire, and the whispering trees,  
that had many times before sheltered other  
campers.

My four hour watch was up but there was  
no need to wake anyone else, because the log  
was still burning as the sun came over the far-  
off hills.

JOY BEVERLEY BROWN, V A

### **Winter**

Skiing down a mountain trail,  
Sliding down the hills,  
Sleigh-riding in the country,  
Are some of Winter's thrills.

Making snowmen in the snow,  
Or skating on a pond,  
Winter is the season,  
Of which I am most fond.

DIANA RADCLIFF, V B

### **Saturday Afternoon**

It was approximately twelve thirty on  
what could be considered any Friday night.  
As I slowly peeled off my tights, I listened,  
for lack of anything else to do, to the babble  
of the dressing room. "Couldn't get that  
combination in the", faded into, "My toes are  
so sore", and "See you tomorrow", with a rue-  
ful laugh whenever anyone walked out the  
door. I did, and as I reached the street I  
felt the strange letdown which comes when  
you have given yourself to something com-  
pletely and it is nearly finished.

I thought of what I would be doing to-  
morrow night at twelve-thirty, the ballet over,  
crawling home mentally and physically weary,  
having thrown my whole being into a bit of a  
crowd in "Gisèle" and my first solo while the  
cast changed for "Rhapsody in Blue". Crowds  
—how I hated being a nameless part of a name-  
less thing called a crowd. My mind, tired as  
it was, turned to pleasanter things, solos, my  
first . . .

I arrived home in a happy daze, told my  
mother I would be rehearsing the next after-  
noon and went to bed.

At one o'clock on Saturday I walked into  
the theatre. The street outside was filled with  
people to whom Saturday afternoon meant a  
release from the week's drudgery, a chance to



relax and be free; to me it was the most important and exciting afternoon of the week.

The theatre was softly dark, huge and enveloping. At the far end I saw the stage; different lights flickered over it and echoing noises came to my ears. Stage settings were being raised, lowered and pushed into place. I slipped into a seat and watched.

The manager came out of the wings and talked to the carpenter who was raising some steps to the floor. A man came through and put Gisèle's gravestone down. Two company boys came in and, using the tombstone as a barre, practised batterie as they read Gisèle's inscription on the tomb. The incongruity of the woodlike scene and the lounging men struck me.

I stood up and walked down the side aisle to the Green Room. The dark exciting atmosphere changed to a bright, noisy and slightly tawdry one. Tutus were hanging at impossible angles from every projection in sight.

I started to change; most of the girls were already in costume for the first act. A voice floated downstairs, "First act, Gisèle, please", and a stamper charged silently up in answer. I went up a minute later and stood in the wings, limbering up as I waited. Our music began. I rose on points and glided on stage. The soft, warm, welcoming lights surrounded me and I became part of the crowd.

I like ballet and anyway it is a novel way to spend Saturday afternoon.

ANONYMOUS, VI M

### Elmwood dans l'attente du bal annuel

C'est la semaine qui précède la danse. Quelle horreur! Personne ne sait quel garçon inviter. Toutes les pensionnaires veulent se servir du téléphone à la fois. Mrs. Davis en devient folle et les pauvres garçons d'Ashbury sont harcelés tous les jours par des jeunes filles agitées demandant: "Voulez-vous aller à la danse avec moi?" Ils n'ont pas la moindre chance d'y échapper. Ils sont liés par l'honneur et la politesse de répondre "Oui, merci".

Durant la semaine, à table, dans les corridors, dans les chambres, partout on entend "Avec qui iras-tu?" et la réponse: "Je ne sais pas," ou "Je ne te le dirai pas".

Les pauvres professeurs ne peuvent pas enseigner, car personne ne les écoute. C'est terrible! Mais enfin quand vient la nuit fatale, tout est oublié et l'on s'y amuse follement.

JANE MULHOLLAND, 6 U

### The Daffodil—Our Emblem

The strong green stem supports a cup of gold,  
And, stately it stands in a field of green  
Proud to be part of the world,  
Proud of its beauty,  
Proud of its life.

And we?

We know it as our emblem  
Green and gold!

And, stately *we* stand,

The school our stem—

The school our cup of gold.

And proud *we* are of *our* chance to grow

As strong as the green

As pure as the gold.

M. LINDLEY TAYLOR, 6 M

### A Letter Home

Dear Dad,

How i\$ every little thing at the hou\$e.  
Hope you are keeping well? I \$u\$pect you  
could have gue\$\$ed the text of thi\$ letter wa\$  
about my impecuniou\$ po\$ition.

Well Dad! I hope my report ha\$ \$uited  
you.

Your\$ \$incerely,

Norman.

Dear NOorman:

I am sorry to see you are doing NOthing  
about your school work. I was NOt too  
pleased with your last NOte but by letters one  
can NOt judge one's son. I trust in the future  
to see NOtable improvement in your studies  
or NOthing will be done about impecunious  
position.

Yours sincerely,

Dad.

BEVERLEY BROWN, V A

### Who Am I?

Finding myself in an unusual predicament in the first Chapter of my story and with nothing to do, I amused myself by displaying my knowledge of the centre of the earth. "Four thousand miles down, I think". This interest in the centre of the earth was brought about by what I gathered was my rapid descent towards this unknown place. However, I never did reach it, (being brought up short on a pile of dry leaves), but had some surprising adventures instead. The latter included almost being drowned in a salty sea, having unusual types of "growing pains", listening to odd creatures giving odder recitations and so on. My adventures were suddenly ended when I found myself in the same place my story began.

Who am I?

"Alice" (In Wonderland).

SALLY TRUEMAN, V B

### Trial and Error

I do not know how much you know about skiing but if you are at all like me, it adds up to just about nothing. Imagine then my horror at finding myself standing at the bottom of a mile and a half chair lift at one of the highest points in the Laurentian Mountains. You may think that coming down a hill is hard, but it took me five minutes to gather up my courage to go up it. Once seated on the rickety green chair, though, things began to look brighter. The view was wonderful and if I did not look down or at the high posts that seemed to pop up in front of me every minute, it was rather fun.

Finally, after reaching the forty below zero altitude, I slid gracefully off the seat and joined the poor unsuspecting guide who was to take our group down the mountain. He explained to us that we would not find the hill, as he put it, too steep if we did snow-plow turns all the way down.

We started off and I soon found out that there is a vast difference between doing snow-plow turns on a beginner's hill and on the side of a mountain. I did what I considered a

prize turn and found myself three inches away from some huge man who was speeding towards me. After a moment of absolute terror I found that I was seated in a huge snow bank, but my fellow skier was nowhere in sight. He, lucky man, was no doubt standing at the foot of the mountain telling his friends about the crazy girl he had nearly run into.

Another thing I discovered about skiing is that it is infinitely harder to stop than to start. No matter at what speed I was travelling, I would suddenly find myself completely and absolutely out of control. Tremendous bumps would loom up in front of me, people would speed towards me from all directions, and terror stricken I would shut my eyes and wait for a crash. If no such thing ensued, I would simply do the obvious. That is, I would sit down.

Finally bumped, battered and beaten I arrived at the foot of the mountain and reached for another tow-ticket. Of course, I was going up again.

MARGO FREIMAN, V A

### Education For Democracy

Democracy, so far in history, seems to be the only worthwhile system of free living. Because it is a system of free living it requires great self-control on the part of every individual, and it is the need for self-control that makes it so difficult.

To me, democracy means freedom of speech, thought and self expression through the fine arts. We are free to elect our own government as we see fit, the one elected by the majority being in power, and if for some reason it does not please, we are also free to replace it with another one almost overnight. We are free to ask questions about and investigate any branch of our government, national or provincial, and to suggest improvements and changes as we see fit. Democracy, therefore, gives every man the best possible chance, and imposes no social or caste systems on its people. A man born in the backwoods can, if he has the ability and the confidence of the



people, become one of the most powerful figures in this country. On the other hand, a man born into a wealthy, powerful family cannot become a prominent or respected figure unless he has the ability and personality to lead.

Because we are all free to think and speak as we like, we must be careful that we only say and do what we honestly believe is best for our community, and not try to secure power and wealth by unscrupulous and dishonest means. To keep democracy safe, every man must use the best that is in him, and concentrate on giving, not getting.

To educate a person that he may be wholly fit for this way of life is a very difficult task and requires concentration on the part of both teacher and pupil. As far as school work is concerned, he must have a good knowledge of the fine arts, history and some basic sciences, as well as an awareness of what is going on in the world to-day, and of the men who gave us our religion and moral code. But beside book work a student must learn self-control and discipline, and how to lead as well as follow. It is comparatively easy to teach out of books, but to be able to teach self-control one must have it, and in order to lead one must also be able to follow.

Certain rules for living are found in every community, because there is always someone who wants to have everything his way. If a person can learn to obey all rules, no matter how small, without question and at once, while at the same time offering sincere and constructive criticism for the betterment of the community, he has been well educated for life in democracy.

ROBERTA BRADSHAW, 6 M

### **My Impression of the New World**

At this same time last year I was preparing to go to Canada. Eager to know about this country, I studied newspapers and reviews.

One day I imagined Canada covered with apple orchards; the next day I saw Canada covered with vast fields of grain. Canada was also a synonym of snow in my mind.

But chiefly I knew that twice, voluntarily, Canadians came to defend our land and give their lives to give us back our liberty.

The beautiful trip began. We passed some days in Paris, we admired once again the harmonious symmetry of the buildings, the churches, such as "Notre Dame". These old stones are witnesses of history. We left Europe and boarded the ship "l'Île de France", anxious to get to know this new continent. One morning New York; this enormous city appeared as in a mirage, a town of modern cathedrals. On the left stood the statue of Liberty with outstretched arm ready to spear peace for the world, I hope. Paris—New York—six days on the sea to prepare us for the violent contrast. New York impressed us at first with its tremendous buildings, the uneven skyline, the bright colours and the strong light. Everything seemed extraordinary—the beauty of the illuminations at night, the sky so high, the cafeterias very practical and the red, yellow or green taxis driven by negroes.

We arrived in Ottawa at the Chateau Laurier on a rainy day. We went first of all to find our future home in Ottawa. We were not yet used to this modern town with parallel streets like New York; then we were delighted to find the Parliament Buildings with their beautiful view on the Ottawa river. During our walk, this large country with wide rivers, lakes like seas, wild and lonely places, impressed me. To understand this thrill, you have to realize that in my little country men dispute to obtain ground to till. My country is like a garden. Fences separate every field or pasture, houses line the roads.

I liked the natural beauty of your country; I liked your lakes surrounded by beautiful trees. At the end of the summer I knew a little of the country surrounding Ottawa, but still did not know any Canadians.

One morning for the first time in my life, I found myself in a lovely school in the centre of a charming park. It was Elmwood. Twenty girls gave me a place in their classroom as quickly as they gave me their friendship. I didn't understand very well what you



said but you had patience to speak to me slowly.

During the week-end at Mont Tremblant I discovered and enjoyed mountain life, the pleasures of skiing, but chiefly the happiness to know you better.

Before I finish, let me thank you very much, Mrs. Graham, teachers and all the girls for your charming welcome. I am very happy to live with you in your beautiful country.

COLETTE MÜÜLS, VI M

### Description

Standing on the crest of the hill and looking at the surrounding country, I realized for the first time how extremely beautiful our ranch really was. The neat white-washed log buildings with their red roofs and large corals lay in a valley bordered by precipitous bush-clad hills. Now, as I looked up the twilight-covered valley towards the west, I saw the multi-coloured rays of the sunset spread across the horizon. Beyond the ranch, several palomino horses outlined against the darkness of the trees, looked strangely ghostlike as they moved along toward the creek where they watered each evening. Turning once more, I watched a full red moon make its way over the hills up into the sky. Suddenly, a mournful howl rent the air, and a lone coyote appeared silhouetted against the moon. Night had come once more in the west.

FRANCES WOOD, V A

### Something To Remember

It was a cool frosty October evening and I was walking aimlessly down a narrow country path. Where it led I knew not and cared not so long as I could outwalk my problems on it.

I was meandering along when suddenly in front of me there was the quaintest church I have ever seen. It seemed almost like a shrine alone there in the wilderness. As I walked towards it, I noticed that in spite of its crudely hewn stone exterior it had very beautiful

stained glass windows. The church, being dimly lighted inside, lit up the windows so they alone stood out, and the grey stones were part of the dreary grey of the evening. As I stood there looking at the windows in quiet amazement, a clear high voice rang out from inside the church; it was singing part of "The Messiah". Then as I walked slowly toward it, I noticed that the doors of the church were open, and I found myself walking in. The first thing I saw was the altar with its gold cross. Just below there was a basket of beautiful wild flowers. I looked slowly around and saw the pews, the pulpit, the organ. The presence of God was certainly in this humble country church. Minutes later I left the church and resumed my walking. This time it was not an aimless walk but a brisk and energetic one. My mind was quite at ease and all my problems solved.

ROSEMARY FINDLAY, V C

### Working Backstage

Working backstage has always given me a special sort of feeling. It is hard to say just what sort of feeling it is, but I suspect that excitement is at the bottom of it. Anyway, it is a very *good* feeling.

Perhaps one of the actresses will tell you that she experiences something wonderful when she is on stage, under the lights, leading the audience deep into their own imaginations. Probably she does. I do not know. I just work backstage. But this is not my feeling. However, the actress and I both have one thing in common; we both get the same tingling of excitement and nervousness as the producer, with every one of his emotions at highest pitch, quietly and meaningfully whispers, "Curtain going up!" For him it is a big night, too.

Out in the darkness, beyond the heavy plush curtains, hundreds of unknown souls are sitting ready to be carried away to far-distant lands. But they will be critical, too. We will soon know if they are pleased with the sets we have been working on, far into each eve-

ning, all week. They will not know that I went to eleven stores looking for a special chartreuse paint that I wanted for the distant meadows in the backdrop. Nor will they know that the net curtains on the drawing-room window belong in the stage manager's kitchen, or that they are precariously fastened up with scotch tape.

Everyone is moving around me on tiptoes. It is almost pitch dark backstage, except for the cracks of light that shine in from the lighted stage. I wonder if I have forgotten to put any of the "props" on the "prop table". No, I do not think so. The second act is almost over. Yes, it will be only a moment now before we can turn the lights on backstage, and I can patch up someone's make-up. This is only his second time on stage, and he is very nervous.

One thing I like about working backstage is the oneness of purpose that everyone has. We are all working towards the same goal, to put on a good show. Everyone will work his fingers to the bone to achieve this.

There is a terrible uproar going on around me, as the stage crew change the set, and the actors discuss the responsiveness of the audience. Everything has gone without a hitch. Old, pompous, snobby Mrs. Robertson was sitting in the front giggling with enjoyment. Yes, it was going to be a great success.

And just think, I am part of this whole thing, only a little part, but a necessary one. I am a little cog in a big wheel. Perhaps that is why I get that special feeling when I work backstage. Everyone's feelings affect those of all around them; whatever I do will make a difference to the next person. Oh, the audience is applauding, the house lights are on; the actors go home, I go to my home, too. The theatre is empty.

JENNIFER WOOLLCOMBE, 6 U

### Fire

The bitter winter wind blew the freshly fallen snow around us, but the heat of the fire penetrated the air. A once beautiful house was now being razed to the ground.

A large crowd stood around the flaming house anxiously watching. The shingles were flying into the air as though they were popcorn just starting to pop. Falling bricks and boards came crashing down and a loud explosion indicated that the furnace had just blown up.

As I stood shivering in my shoes, since I was clad only in my dressing gown, I watched the beautiful dream house burning into ashes. This was the house which my father had waited for so long, and now we had it, but in ashes.

The last I remember was seeing part of the house foundation crumble to the ground, and when I awoke I was in my bed. It was all a dream.

SANDRA DREW, V C

### The Four Subjects of Failure

(With apologies to Shakespeare and  
"As You Like It")

All the schools are jails  
And all the girls and teachers merely in-mates;  
They have their good marks and their bad,  
One pupil in her time fails many tests—  
The lowest often thirty!  
At first the Spanish—  
Taught by Señorita young and gay.  
Then the age-old History,  
With battles and their modern counter-parts,  
Learning monarchs taught by bearded  
scholar,  
Longing only for an arm chair.  
Next the Physics veiled in formulas—  
With sundry potions—known alone by  
Wizards' fertile brains!  
Last the Latin—full of strange verbs  
And mildewed sundry wars  
Taught by "magister" harassed by glowing  
dreams of glory  
Seeking the bubble of success, even in  
The face of certain failures!

This ends the inmates' schooling  
In mere oblivion,  
Their failures numbering four,  
Sans hopes, sans dreams, sans promise,  
Sans everything!!

VICTORIA BRAIN, V B

## *A letter from Switzerland*

Dear Elmwood:

A message from "la Belle Suisse". In answer to a very nice letter from Mrs. Graham, in which she asked me to give you my impressions of Brillantmont, I am about to produce my "first" contribution to "Samara"—here goes!

Brillantmont is really three schools, Pierre Grise, the Villa and the Chateau. Pierre Grise is a finishing school for girls over eighteen. The villa is known as "Ecole Menage", domestic science to you, and I am at the Chateau which is much like Elmwood, in that one studies general subjects with the accent on French.

The school is located in Lausanne on Lake Geneva. Lausanne is a beautiful city, which is built on three levels. Brillantmont is situated on the highest and therefore is provided with a magnificent view, right across the lake to the French shore. This view is particularly lovely when one sees the coloured lights of the town of Evian shining across the water.

Before going further with my description of the school, I must confess that Switzerland with its good food and French atmosphere has produced a number of changes in me. First, I must admit to having put on 10 kilos mostly in the wrong places! I also consider myself "practically" bilingual, but I am sure Mme. Krupka would not agree!

Now back to the school. There are about one hundred and five girls here with just about the normal number of "characters". But all of them are very sweet and I have made many very good friends. As in most of the schools in Switzerland, Brillantmont girls come from almost every country in the world, except Switzerland. In fact they come from more than twenty-five different countries.

There is an enormous variety of sports. In the winter term there are naturally both skating and skiing. The school owns a ski chalet up in Villars, where many of the girls go in

two week relays. There is room in the chalet for only fourteen girls, so life is very free and there are only two hours of study each day. One takes ski lessons in the morning and in the afternoon skates or skis again. While in Lausanne almost once every week the girls are taken up to the mountains by bus for a day's skiing, which is great fun! On other afternoons there is skating. In the summer term there are even more sports. There are four tennis courts on which we play every afternoon and there is a tennis professional on the staff. We also have an extremely well trained basketball team and quite a few matches lined up for the summer term. Along with the tennis and basket-ball, there is riding, swimming and ping-pong. All these are carried on during the two hours every afternoon especially put aside for sports.

The one thing that has impressed me most with the arrival of spring is the magnificence of the gardens which are filled to capacity with every kind of flower imaginable. At the moment the four huge magnolia trees are all in bud and you have never seen anything more beautiful. In addition to the beautiful flowers, Brillantmont is provided with vegetables from its own gardens. Thus there are always plenty of fresh vegetables.

But really Brillantmont on the whole is not so different from Elmwood, and although I adore it and have made many good friends, I am looking forward to returning to Elmwood next Christmas.

ANDREA ROWLEY

### **Writing Poetry**

I was told to write a verse,  
With words of enduring kind,  
But all my lines are far too terse—  
Besides they can't be rhymed!

So here I sit with dreams in head,  
With thoughts once more a-wandering,  
Oh, dear! I wish that I were dead  
So I could stop this pondering!

V. BRAIN, V B





SENIOR ART *by* SONIA TARANTOUR



SENIOR ART *by* GILL NEVILLE



JUNIOR ART *by* MARGO HAY



JUNIOR ART *by* ANTONIA WRIGHT

## Junior Literary Section

### My Teddy's Lullaby

Good-night, good-night, good-night!  
The robins have flown their flight,  
They're settling down in their nest  
So that they may have a good rest  
And then in the morning they'll sing,  
'Cheer-up, cheer-up, it's spring'  
So go to sleep and do not peep.  
Good-night, good-night, good-night!

JUNE FRASER,  
*Form III*

### Ruff to the Rescue

Ruff was a little dog who lived with a thief. He was a terrier and the thief taught him how to open a door with his nose and to open drawers, sometimes with his nose and sometimes with his teeth. He was also taught to take things out of cupboards quietly and to carry them back to his master. Ruff knew that he was doing wrong but whenever he went back to his master with nothing in his mouth he was beaten. Ruff had made several attempts to get away but had failed. One day he thought he must really do something about it, so he did. One night the thief took Ruff along with him to help him steal; Ruff went into the house but escaped by the back door.

Now his adventures really began. He wandered about for three days; then one sunny day he came to a house and there was a little boy playing in the garden. When Ruff went by, the boy called to him and he came. He talked to the dog and petted him. By the time the boy went into the house Ruff had made up his mind that he was going to live there. He followed the boy to the house and whined until he was let in. The boy whose name was Richard pleaded with his mother to keep Ruff. He slept in the boy's bedroom with him.

One night Ruff heard the door being opened and saw two men. One of them was

the thief. They took a pillow and were talking to each other in whispers about smothering Richard when Ruff slipped out of the door. He went to the boy's father's room and opened the door with his nose; then he went to the bed and gave a soft bark. The father woke up at once and followed Ruff to his son's bedroom. When he saw the two men he went downstairs and telephoned to the police. They came at once and Ruff listened to their conversation. It seemed as if after Ruff had run away the thief had taken up kidnapping and was going to kidnap Richard. They went upstairs and captured the men and took them back to the police station from which they had escaped.

HARRIET NYE,  
*Form IV C*

### Spring

Spring, spring with its showers,  
April fool and then May flowers,  
Bells are ringing, children singing,  
All the world is just beginning.

Spring, spring with budding trees,  
All the little birds and bees  
Humming all the day  
Saying spring is here to stay.

DIANE BARKLEY,  
*Upper IV B*

### Our Pet

One day Daddy came home from the office with a small white kitten. She was so tiny she could almost sit in the palm of Daddy's hand. She was all white except for a little black under her chin. She was just like a little ball of fluff with her blue eyes and tiny pink nose. We then decided to call her Fluffy.

We all loved her and she seemed to like us. In the morning I would wake up and find her



curled up at the end of my bed. She would never come to the head of my bed for some unknown reason.

Our dog "Butch" seemed to get along very well with Fluffy and they were often seen romping together.

Anne, the baby of the family, who was a year and a half, just adored her. They played together any time nobody was around.

About two months after we got Fluffy, we were packing to move to a new home when a lady asked if she might see through the house as she was looking for a new home. Fluffy was asleep on the mantle when Mrs. Brown stepped into the room. She looked at Mother and said, "What a nice stuffed cat!" She leaned forward and started to stroke her fur as Fluffy was waking up. She leapt onto Mrs. Brown's hat, and she was so surprised that she almost fell over backwards. The hat looked so funny that we burst out laughing. At that point the lady was so angry that she stomped out to her waiting car. Fluffy ran to the door and meowed at the top of her lungs.

After a while we made Fluffy a full-fledged member of our family and she lived with us until she died a very old cat.

MARGO HAY,  
*Upper IV B*

### **The Sailing Boats**

Up and down the river  
Like ships upon the sea  
Go the little sailing boats  
As fast as fast can be.

Up and down, up and down,  
Merrily they go,  
Rocking here, rocking there,  
Rocking to and fro.  
Sailing with the white caps,  
Upon the river blue,  
Always racing fast as fast,  
Upon their way they go.

HARRIET NYE,  
*Form IV C*

### **The Moon**

Out from the clouds in her silver dress  
Comes the moon bringing happiness.  
She floats along throughout the night  
And goes to bed when it is light.

Sailing, sailing through the night,  
Swift and graceful in her flight,  
Past every star in a golden coat  
Drifting along like a silver boat.

JUDY TOLLER,  
*Lower 4 B*

### **A Fall Scene**

It was Fall now and the Summer was beginning to fade away. All the trees had changed their leaves from green to bright yellow, red, and orange. It was a very beautiful scene as I sat looking at the mountains massed with lovely colours. The children had started school now and soon it would be winter again. As I looked way over in the fields, I could see the wheat tied into little bundles and the pumpkins sitting there ready to be picked for Hallowe'en. Fall certainly is a wonderful season. I like Fall better than any other time of the year.

DONALEE FORBES,  
*Upper IV B*

### **How Elmwood Was Named**

One day at break, I was walking alone, when all of a sudden, I heard a voice from up above. "Hello", I looked up and there was a squirrel. "Hello", I said, then stood looking up. I had said Hello to a squirrel. Then he said, "Would you like to hear how Elmwood was named?" "Yes", I said, so I sat down and he started.

"When I was young, I lived in a far off place. I always would ask my mother, 'What is the rest of the world like?' She would answer, 'The rest of the world is made up of water and sand and people'. That was all she ever said about it. When I had grown a bit bigger, I still asked my mother the same thing. One day she said, 'Why don't you go and find out by yourself?' So I did. I packed some

food (nuts, of course) said Good-Bye and was on my way.

"After about a day of travelling, I reached a perfect place; it was a young elm tree and had a big hole in it. So I moved in. As years passed, trees grew, mostly elms. Then, one day, I woke to hear the buzzing of saws. 'Oh, they are cutting down the trees', I said in dismay.

"Soon there was a big building with girls running all over. One day, I was watching the players, when the head-mistress said, 'We have to think of a name for our school'. My chance, I knew a name for the school! One day, the head-mistress saw the sign I put up. The sign said 'Name the school Elmwood'. So that is the way Elmwood got its name but you had better go in because I hear the bell ringing". So, dazed, I went to my classroom, thinking about the story I had just heard.

SUSAN SOUTHAM,  
*Lower IV B*

### Something to Remember

It was a cold, dark, autumn day that Thanksgiving week-end when we saw the remarkable sight. We were on the dock at the cottage when in the distance could be heard, what might have been millions of car horns all honking together. Gradually, the noise grew louder till suddenly over the tree-tops came a V-formation of wild Canada geese. With wild honking calls and thrashing of wings, they flew low across the lake, coming to rest in a small inlet along the shore. There they settled for the night.

The next morning we arose at dawn in hopes of getting another glimpse of the geese. Armed with field glasses we cautiously approached the inlet where they were. At a distance of about five hundred yards, we stopped. Crouched in the bushes, we watched while they began to prepare for the day's flight. A short while after sunrise, the leader of the geese gave a loud call and after a few moments of confusion there was a swoosh and

they all left the water in perfect formation. With loud calls they flew over the horizon on their journey south. It was truly a sight to remember.

SARAH JENNINGS,  
*Form IV A*

### Spring

The snow has nearly gone away,  
But then it snowed again today.  
How long before the leaves will come  
So I can hear the wild bee hum?

MARGOT TOLLER,  
*Form III*

### The Poppy with the Drooping Head

It was Poppy Day in Canada. Children and grown-ups were selling poppies. One little girl was almost through selling hers but she had six little poppies left. All the poppies were gay except one. She was not happy because her head was drooping.

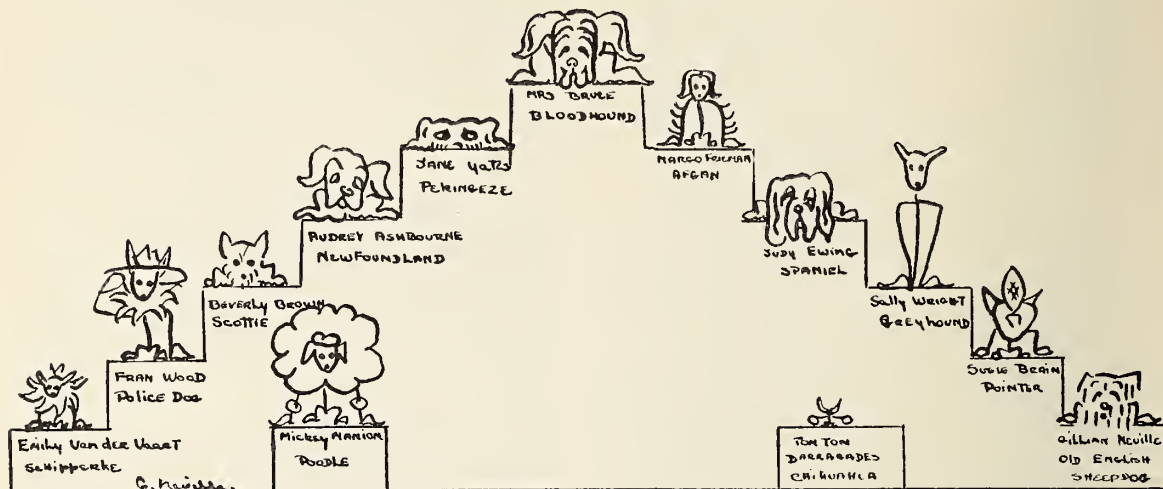
One poppy said, "Ha, ha! look at her, nobody would bother buying a poppy like that because of her drooping head". Another one said, "How right you are, look how beautifully we stand". The poor little poppy could not say anything because they would not believe her.

Just then a woman came along. She asked the little girl how much they were. The little girl told her they were ten cents each. Then the woman bought the whole six. The five little poppies did not want an ugly sister with them so they pushed her out of the lady's hand.

The lady did not notice her. The little poppy did not know what to do. The little poppy said, "Please do not go", but the woman could not hear her. Then a little dog came along. The little poppy asked the dog if he would take her back to the lady. The dog said he would. The lady took the poppy and fixed her so she was the prettiest poppy of all.

HEATHER HAYLEY,  
*Form IV C*

## Form 5A



## Exchanges

*Arta Ridleana*—  
Ridley College, St. Catharines

*The Ashburian*—  
Ashbury College, Ottawa

*Balmoral Hall Magazine*—  
Winnipeg

*The Beaver Log*—  
Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School,  
Montreal

*Bishop's College School Magazine*—  
Bishop's College School, Lennoxville

*Bishop Strachan School Magazine*—  
Bishop Strachan School, Toronto

*The Blue and White*—  
Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay,  
N.B.

*The Branksome Slogan*—  
Branksome Hall, Toronto

*Buckingham Country Day School Magazine*—  
Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

*Edgehill Review*—  
Edgehill, Windsor, N.S.

*Hatfield Hall Magazine*—  
Hatfield Hall, Cobourg

*Inter Muros*—  
St. Clement's School, Toronto

*King's Hall Magazine*—  
King's Hall, Compton

*Lower Canada College Magazine*—  
Lower Canada College, Montreal

*Ludemus*—  
Havergal College, Toronto

*The Notre Dame*—  
Notre Dame Convent, Kingston

*Olla Podrida*—  
Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N.S.

*Ovenden Chronicle*—  
Ovenden School, Barrie

*Pibroch*—  
Strathallan School, Hamilton

*The Record*—  
Trinity College School, Port Hope

*St. Andrew's College Review*—  
St. Andrew's College, Aurora

*The Study Chronicle*—  
The Study, Montreal

*The Tallow Dip*—  
Netherwood, Rothsay, N.B.

*Trafalgar Echoes*—  
Trafalgar, Montreal

*Trinity University Review*—  
University of Toronto, Toronto



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 FINDLAY, Rosemary; 14 Belvedere Rd., Ottawa, Ont.  
 FISHER-ROWE, Mary; 20 Range Rd., Ottawa, Ont.  
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 GORDON Lynne; Constant Spring P.O., Jamaica, B.W.I.  
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 GRANT, Margot; 152 Minto Place, Rockcliffe, Ont.  
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 HAYLEY, Louise; 248 O'Connor St., Ottawa, Ont.  
 HAYLEY, Heather; 248 O'Connor St., Ottawa, Ont.  
 HEENEY, Patricia; c/o Canadian Embassy, Washington, D.C.  
 HISLOP, Susan; 107 Wurttemberg St., Ottawa, Ont.

JENNINGS, Sarah; Broad Acres, Broad St., Aylmer, P.Q.

KENNEDY, Barbara; c/o R.C.A.F., St. Hubert, P.Q.  
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LACHARITY, Diana Gail; 470 Piccadilly St., Ottawa, Ont.  
 LANDYMORE, Lauretta; 86 Warwick Gardens, London, W. 14, Eng.  
 LEONARD, Anne; 240 Osgoode St., Ottawa, Ont.  
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 MacTAVISH, Jane; Thorold Road, Rockcliffe, Ont.  
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 NYE, Harriet; Earncliffe, Ottawa, Ont.

PERRY, Nancy; Ashbury House, Mariposa Ave., Rockcliffe, Ont.  
 PETRIE, Heather; 470 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe, Ont.  
 PRUDHAM, Esther; 8 Jackson Ave., Ottawa, Ont.

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 RAYMONT, Elizabeth; 2 Maple Lane, Rockcliffe, Ont.  
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 RICHARDSON, Elizabeth; 238 Forest Hill Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
 RITCHIE, Roxanne; 210 Chapel St., Apt. 15, Ottawa, Ont.  
 ROSS, Marilyn; 6 Madawaska Drive, Ottawa, Ont.  
 ROWLEY, Andrea; 10 Camden Hill Gate, Duchess of Bedford Walk, London West 8, England.  
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 STONE, Josephine; General Motors, 1775 Broadway, New York City, N.Y.  
 SHAFFER, Ingrid; 273 Sherwood Drive, Ottawa, Ont.

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 TARANTOUR, Sonia; 326 Chapel St., Ottawa, Ont.  
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 VAN DER VAART, Emilie; 446 Daly Ave., Ottawa, Ont.

WHEELER, Dorothy; 81 Somerset St. W., Ottawa, Ont.  
 WILLIAMSON, Lynn; 342 Ashbury Ave., Rockcliffe, Ont.  
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 WOOD, Frances; 238 Buena Vista Rd., Rockcliffe, Ont.  
 WOOLLCOMBE, Jennifer; 366 Stewart St., Ottawa, Ont.  
 WOODBURN, Merida; 56 Strathcona Ave., Ottawa, Ont.  
 WRIGHT, Sarah; 161 Maple Lane, Rockcliffe, Ont.  
 WRIGHT, Antonia; 161 Maple Lane, Rockcliffe, Ont.

YATES, Jane; 5 Yates Ave., Cornwall, Ont.  
 YATES, Joan; 5 Yates Ave., Cornwall, Ont.

## *School Calendar*

September 10—School opened.

September 15, 22—Classes in healthful and graceful walking.

September 26—Ottawa and district Tennis Tournament.

October 10—Long week-end.

October 13—Film on Red Feather activities.

October 17—House Dance.

October 30—Hallowe'en Parties.

November 6—Parents' Reception and Tea.

November 11—Remembrance Day Service.

November 13—House Plays, Long week-end.

November 16—Mothers' Guild Dinner.

December 4—House Collections.

December 8—Examinations began.

December 16—Christmas Plays and Choir Presentation.

December 17—Carol Service, School closed for Christmas vacation.

January 6—School re-opened.

January 14—Senior Basketball team played Carleton College.

January 18—Junior Basketball team played Rockcliffe Public School.

January 29—Free Day. Elmwood Formal.

January 30—Mont Tremblant week-end.

February 10—Senior House Basketball play-offs.

February 12—Square Dance.

February 13—Long week-end.

February 17—Junior House Basketball play-offs.

March 3—Senior Basketball team played Carleton College.

March 5—Dr. Sidlauskas spoke on Choosing a Vocation.  
Ashbury-Elmwood Play

March 9—Miss Neville-Rolfe spoke on House of Citizenship.

March 11—Junior School display for parents.

March 12—Senior Dramatic presentation.

March 20—Junior and Senior Basketball teams played  
Smith's Falls Collegiate.

April 6—Public Speaking semi-finals.

April 7—Gym Demonstrations, Public Speaking finals.

April 9—Easter Vacation began.

April 22—Mothers' Guild Film Night.

April 26—School re-opened.

May 6—Golden Rule Club picnic.

May 7—Dean Anderson welcomed to Elmwood. Badminton  
Singles finals.

May 12—Badminton Doubles finals.

May 20—Tennis finals.

May 22—Long week-end.

May 5, 12, 19, 27—Final examinations.

June 2, 8, 9—Final examinations.

June 7—Sports Day.

June 10—School closed for Summer Holidays.

June 14—Departmental examinations begin.









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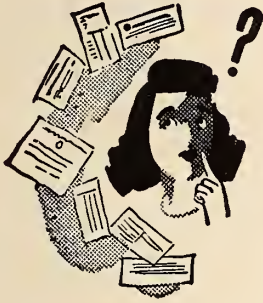
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